RED GOBLIN

Lee InHyuk

MARVEL

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PAKNADEL
BAZALDUA
CURIEL

NORMIE OSBORN is the son of Harry Osborn and Liz Allan and the grandson of Norman Osborn, A.K.A. the Green Goblin--the former archnemesis of **SPIDER-MAN**. The Osborn family's entanglement with the wall-crawler recently cost Harry his life and Normie his father.

Normie's involvement in super-powered intrigue has grown even more complicated now that he's taking care of a fledgling symbiote called **RASCAL**. While Normie is wary of the dangers of bonding with a symbiote, he and Rascal have gotten progressively closer the more Normie uses Rascal's abilities to engage in super-heroics--like saving Normie's grandfather from the underground lair of the **GOBLIN NATION**.

During the fight against the Goblin Nation, Rascal's thirst for blood almost overpowered Normie's better angels. If Normie can't learn to control the symbiote, it could mean the end of the road...

RED GOBLIN

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OSCORP HQ.
MIDTOWN
MANHATTAN.

DEPLOY MALWARE Y / N

BOMBS AWAY...

KLK

MORNIN', GERRY.

IT'S STILL GARY, JEFF.

ANY OVERNIGHT HEISTS I SHOULD KNOW ABOUT, GARY?

UH-UH. NOT A BEAN.

GIVE MY LOVE TO THE KIDS, *HUH?*

...

SURE, JEFF. WHEN I HAVE SOME, I'LL DO JUST THAT.

MORNIN', GARY! THAT YOUR SHIFT OVER?

YEP, THAT ABOUT DOES 'ER. YOU HAVE A GREAT DAY NOW, CAROL.

YOU TOO, HON.

KLK

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DING!

FLOOR 43

WHAT TH--?

I DIDN'T TOUCH NOTHIN'!

MORNING, LARRY! NO HEISTS LAST NIGHT, I HOPE!

OSCORP SKUNKWORKS

UH... MORNING, MR. JAWORSKI! NONE THAT I KNOW OF!

COME ONCOMEON COME--

BEEP

ACCESS OVERRIDE

YES!

THERE YOU ARE, GORGEOUS.

YOU GOT A BIG DAY COMIN' UP.

HOW OFTEN DO YOU GET TO BE THE SCORE *AND* THE GETAWAY CAR, *HUH?*

IS IT ME OR HAS POP-POP NOT BLINKED IN LIKE *THREE MINUTES?* IS THAT EVEN *POSSIBLE?*

MOM TOLD ME HE'S BEEN WEIRD SINCE HE GOT OUT OF THE HOSPITAL, BUT WHAT DOES THAT EVEN *MEAN* WHEN YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT *NORMAN OSBORN*-- A GUY WHO USED TO DRESS UP LIKE A *GOBLIN* AND PUNCH SPIDER-MAN IN THE FACE?

BUT I GOTTA ADMIT, THE WAY HE'S LOOKING AT ME RIGHT NOW... IT'S LIKE HE CAN SEE MY THOUGHTS IN LITTLE BALLOONS ABOVE MY HEAD.

RED GOBLIN #3. --ED

COME ON... SAY SOMETHING. BREAK THE TENSION.

THANKS FOR LETTING ME STAY HERE WITH YOU WHILE MOM AND STANLEY HEAD OUT OF THE CITY, POP-POP. IT'S GONNA BE FUN.

GOOD JOB, NORMIE. TOTALLY SINCERE.

SIX FLAGS WILL STILL BE THERE WHEN YOU'RE *UN*GROUNDED.

UNLESS GALACTUS DECIDES TO DEVOUR JERSEY, OF COURSE.

KLK

IT'S A SHAME WE CAN'T GO TO THE BATTING CAGES TODAY...

...BUT I'M SURE WE CAN IMPROVISE.

VEE

EEEEE

NORRMIIEE!!! PROTECT!!!

YOU KNOW THE MOST ANNOYING THING ABOUT BEING BORN INTO A FAMILY OF VALEDICTORIANS AND OVERACHIEVERS?

VEEE-KRNCH!

IT'S *IMPOSSIBLE* TO KEEP SECRETS FROM THEM.

AH. THERE YOU ARE.

BEING RIGHT ALL THE TIME REALLY DOES LOSE ITS LUSTER AFTER A WHILE.

VEEEEEE...

KRNCH!

EMPTY.

RASCAL, HOLD IT TOGETHER! WE CAN'T GO ALL CYBER NEWTYPE ON POP-POP LIKE WE DID ON THOSE GUYS DOWN IN THE SEWER.

WHY NOT?!

BECAUSE WE CAN'T GO AROUND HURTING PEOPLE! NOW *PUT HIM DOWN!*

UGGH!

KRAKKK!

KN-KNEW IT WAS YOU IN THE SEWER. WHO ELSE WOULD--*GKK!*--SAVE *ME* OF ALL PEOPLE?

NUH-NORMIE. I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE.

D-DO YOU SEE, NORMIE? DO YOU *FINALLY* SEE WHAT IT'S--*GKK!*--CAPABLE OF?

VRRRRRR

DAMMIT, NOT NOW!

IS IT DONE?

UH, N-NO, SIR. NOT YET!

THIRTY-EIGHT LARGE. THAT'S HOW MUCH YOU'RE INTO US FOR, GARY.

DON'T KEEP US WAITING.

I GOT THIS--I *DO*--BUT I CAN'T SNATCH OSBORN'S GEAR WITHOUT TRIPPING THE SECURITY SYSTEM, SO I GOTTA CUT THE POWER TO THE WHOLE BUILDING.

SSSHUNK!

I DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT, JUST GET IT DONE.

IF THAT OSBORN TECH AIN'T HERE IN TWENTY MINUTES, THE INTEREST *DOUBLES*, GOT IT?

WHAT?! THAT AIN'T FAIR, MR. HAMMERHEAD! I--

YOU GOT A HEAD FOR GIZMOS AND DOOHICKEYS, GARY. I'LL GIVE YOU THAT...

"...BUT YOUR *POKER GAME* COULD USE A LITTLE WORK."

I'M NOT GOING TO LIE TO YOU, NORMIE. THIS WON'T BE PAINLESS.

WE'VE... *I'VE* BEEN HIT WITH SONICS *BEFORE.*

NOT LIKE THIS. IF I'VE BUILT THIS THING CORRECTLY, IT'S GOING TO SEPARATE THE TWO OF YOU WITH A SCALPEL OF *CONCENTRATED SOUND.*

WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO RASCAL?

NORMIE, I WAS BONDED TO ONE OF THESE THINGS, REMEMBER?

"THEY'RE PARASITES. THEY WILL PREY ON EVERY DOUBT AND FLATTER EVERY SCRUPLE TO SLIP PAST YOUR DEFENSES."

BUT THE REALITY IS THAT YOUR PARASITE IS NO DIFFERENT THAN MINE--FRUIT FROM THE SAME POISONOUS TREE.

DON'T YOU FIND IT ODD THAT THE FORM YOURS TAKES WHEN IT'S ACTIVATED IS STRIKINGLY SIMILAR TO THE RED GOBLIN?

MY RED GOBLIN?

...

YOU KNOW WHAT SOMEONE TOLD ME THE OTHER DAY, POP-POP?

"THERE ARE NO BAD DOGS, ONLY BAD OWNERS."

RASCAL'S ONLY LITTLE. IF HE'S TAKING THAT SHAPE, IT'S... IT'S BECAUSE I ***WANT HIM TO***, I GUESS.

THAT'S JUST THE ***BOND*** TALKING.

NO, IT'S NOT.

YOU ***SHOULD*** SEPARATE US, BUT IF YOU'RE DOING IT TO KEEP ***ME*** SAFE FROM ***HIM***, THEN YOU'VE GOT IT ALL ***BACKWARDS.***

RASCAL'S NOT THE PROBLEM HERE, POP-POP. IT'S ***ME.***

HE'S BECOMING AN ***OSBORN.***

YOU WON'T HURT HIM, RIGHT?

ONCE YOU'RE SAFELY SEPARATED, I'LL TAKE THE SPECIMEN TO THE ***FANTASTIC FOUR*** FOR SAFEKEEPING.

CAN I VISIT HIM?

YOU KNOW, AFTER?

TRY TO RELAX, NORMIE.

POP-POP?

YES, SON?

START

HE'S AFRAID.

I TELL MYSELF I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN--PARTLY TO KEEP RASCAL CHILL AND PARTLY TO GIVE MYSELF AN OUT.

WOMMM...

BUT I *DO* KNOW.

NYEEEARRGGHHH!

SO WHEN THE PAIN COMES--LIKE A HUNDRED PAPER CUTS ALL AT ONCE--I'M GLAD RASCAL DOESN'T HAVE TO GO THROUGH IT ALONE.

OUT YOU COME, BOY. I'VE GOT YOU.

RRRASCALLL... GET HIM OUUUUTT.

I'M SORRY, NORMIE.

THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY.

NORMIEEEEE! HELLPPP!!!

STOP IT! YOU'RE *KILLING* HIM!

SHH! ONE DAY, YOU'LL UNDERSTAND.

WOMMM...

NO!!! HE'S MY FRIEND!

WOMMM!!

"AAAAAAND THREE, TWO, ONE..."

...LIGHTS OUT, OSCORP!

WAZZAUT...

RASCAL, I'M SORRY.

...

NORMIE?

SHUT UP! I HATE YOU!

NO! THE *POWER* IN THE LAB...

YOUR PARASITE... IT DOESN'T HAVE ANY *ELECTROMAGNETIC* PROPERTIES I SHOULD KNOW ABOUT, DOES IT?

KRRNNGCHHH!!!

GET BEHIND ME, NORMIE.

BUT--

THIS SONIC DISRUPTOR SHOULD GIVE IT SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

KRSSHHH!

HUUURTSSSS!

STOP IT! BOTH OF YOU!

TAK!

KRSSHHH!

AFTER DAD DIED, MOM ASKED ME TO GO EASY ON POP-POP.

SHE TOLD ME IN CONFIDENCE THAT POP-POP'S DAD WAS A DRUNK AND A BULLY-- THAT HE ***NEVER STOOD A CHANCE.***

BUT HE *DID.*

RASCAL? POP-POP?

MY DAD WAS THAT CHANCE TO BREAK THE CYCLE, AND POP-POP *BLEW IT.*

AND MAYBE THAT WAS INEVITABLE. MAYBE CHAOS REALLY DOES CLING TO NORMAN OSBORN LIKE WET GRASS.

NNNN-- I'LL KILL YOU!

BUT I'M NOT HIM.

BIP!

I DON'T *HAVE* TO GIVE UP ON PEOPLE WHEN IT GETS HARD.

THOOMM! THOOMM! THOOMM!

THAT *SOUND.* I KNOW THAT SOUND.

IS THAT A *GLIDER?*

SON OF A... HELP ME!

KRAKOOM

NO! GET BACK HERE! I NEED ALL THE GEAR OR--!

Nnn! GOING TO SCATTER YOU TO THE WIND LIKE CONFETTI, YOU FILTH!

AAARGGH!

YOU...ARE... NEVER COMING ANYWHERE NEAR MY FAMILY EVER AGAIN! DO YOU HEAR ME?!

NEVER!

...
I'M GARY.
NORMIE.
NORMIE LIKE... *NORMAN?* YOU'RE THE GRANDKID?
YEAH.
GARY, WHY ARE YOU WEARING MY GRANDPA'S STUFF?
IT'S DANGEROUS.
DON'T COME ANY CLOSER...
WHOA! I KNOW HOW THIS LOOKS, KID, BUT IF I DON'T GET THIS STUFF TO SEAPORT IN THE NEXT TEN MINUTES, I'M IN A *WORLD* OF #$%&.
CAN'T YOU JUST GIMME A BREAK?
COME ON, I AIN'T GONNA HURT YOU! I BARELY UNDERSTAND HOW THIS THING...
CHK-
CHK-
CHK
...WORKS.
TELL ME THESE AREN'T THE *MOTION-TRACKING* BOMB PELLETS.
VEEEEEEEEE
...
GREAT JOB, GARY. REALLY.

VEEEEEEEEE

NORRRMIEE?!?!

NOORRMMIIEEEE!

HE'S-- NN!--NOT FOR YOU! GET BACK HERE!

KRSSSHH!!

WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING? NO! GET OFF ME! HOW *DARE* YOU?!

I WON'T! I WON'T BE TAKEN BY YOU! NEVER AGAIN!

I *REFUSE*, DO YOU HEAR ME?!

I'M SORRY, KID. I DIDN'T MEAN FOR ANY OF THIS TO HAPPEN.

GARY, NO OFFENSE, BUT... APOLOGY *NOT* ACCEPTED.

I GET IT.

WAIT, DO YOU HEAR SOMETH--?

VEEEEEEEE!

GLP!

NNN!!!

BOOM.M.M.M!

POP-POP?

...

HOW DID IT KNOW...I WAS FIREPROOF?

HE DIDN'T. BUT HE DID IT ANYWAY.

TO SAVE *ME.*

NO! YOU CAN'T HAVE MY GRANDSON!

BACK OFF, POP-POP!

YOU THINK YOU KNOW SYMBIOTES BECAUSE YOU WERE BONDED TO THE *WORST ONE,* BUT YOU *DON'T.*

THEY'RE *MIRRORS, GET IT?* THEY TAKE THEIR CUES FROM US.

RASCAL MAY HAVE HURT THOSE GOBLIN CREEPS DOWN IN THE SEWER, BUT HE DID IT TO PROTECT *ME...*

...SO I'M GOING TO RETURN THE FAVOR AND PROTECT *HIM* FROM *YOU.*

NORMIE... DON'T MAKE ME *TELL YOUR MOTHER.*

GO AHEAD, POP-POP.

BUT I'D LEAVE OUT THE PART WHERE YOU PUT ME IN A *DANGEROUS SONIC APPARATUS* IF I WERE YOU.

SMART KID THERE. GOT YOU OVER A BARREL, *HUH?*

HE'S *GOOD*, JUST LIKE HIS FATHER.

BUT THOSE THINGS... THEY LOVE TO *CORRUPT THE INNOCENT.*

YOU KNOW WHO I AM, DON'T YOU?

OR, RATHER, WHO I *WAS?*

UH... SURE.

THEN YOU KNOW WHAT I'LL DO TO YOU IF YOU TELL ANYONE ABOUT ANY OF THIS.

C-COURSE, MR. OSBORN. YOU CAN COUNT ON MY A-ABSOLUTE DISCRETION.

HEY, *UH...* IS THIS A BAD TIME TO TALK ABOUT A *LOAN*, OR--?

YOU'RE ALSO GOING TO TELL THESE GENTLEMEN WHO PUT YOU UP TO THIS...

H-HEY, SCOTT! JEFF! COME ON, IT'S *ME!*

GUYS!

...AND BE THANKFUL IT'S NOT *ME* DOING THE ASKING.

TO BE CONTINUED!

RED GOBLIN

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ZONE